I had taken a course for which, all blamed me, perhaps because they did not know enough to pardon enough—sdvoir tout c'est tout fardonner. " Can I think of you otherwise than lovingly ? *Never* ₉ if I know you and myself!"

Tom Taylor got through an enormous amount of work. Dramatic critic and art critic for the *Times,* he was also editor of *Punch* and a busy playwright. Every one who wanted an address written or a play altered came to him, and his house was a kind of Mecca for pilgrims from America and from all parts of the world. Yet he all the time occupied a position in a Government office—the Home Office, I think it was—and often walked from Whitehall to Lavender Sweep when his day's work was done. He was an enthusiastic amateur actor, his favourite part being Adam in " As You Like It," perhaps because tradition says this was a part that Shakespeare played; at any rate, he was very good in it. Gilbert and Sullivan, in very far-off days[a] used to be concerned in these amateur theatricals. Their names were not associated then, but Kate and I established a prophetic link by carrying on a mild flirtation, I with Arthur Sullivan, Kate with Mr. Gilbert!

Taylor never wasted a moment. He pottered, but thought deeply all the time ; and when I used to watch him pluck-ing at his grey beard, I realised that he was just as busy as if his pen had been plucking at his paper. Many would-be writers complain that the necessity of earning

a living in some other and more secure profession hinders them from achieving anything. What about Taylor at the Home Office, Charles Lamb at East India House, and Rousseau copying music for bread? It all depends on the point of view. A young lady in Chicago, who has written some charming short stories, told rne how eagerly